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TWO OPEN LETTERS

By A. K. CHESTERTON

(1) ADDRESSING THE B.B.C.'s DIRECTOR-GENERAL

DEAR Sir Hugh,

Please permit me to congratulate you on the one serious television programme which won my wholehearted approval. I refer to the occasion, unique in my experience, when two speakers were allowed to say exactly what they thought of you and your methods. One of them, referring to you as despotic and arrogant, criticised your recently published view that the B.B.C. could not be expected to afford facilities for the dissemination of politically extreme views. He asked, with some justice, who was to judge what constituted political extremism. Indeed he turned the tables on you by pointing out that in non-political contexts—for example, the apparently obsessive compulsion to present sleazy sexual plays on subjects such as incest and other degrading aspects of certain human lives—you could yourself be called an extremist. Reference was also made to the notorious B.B.C. malpractice of arranging "debates" between people nominally on opposite sides but in fact on the same side—the side, needless to say, favoured by the B.B.C.

WHY NOT?

The other speaker, Mr. Robert Pitman, the famous *Express* columnist, was equally forthright. He laid particular stress on your strange view that racialism was not a suitable subject for B.B.C. discussion. "In the name of God, why not?" he asked. It is a question I would like to repeat. In doing so I see no reason why I should not draw attention to the very tenuous connection between you, in your position at the heart of the Establishment, and myself, in what you would doubtless in your charity describe as my position as the leader of a "fringe" movement which qualifies for your ban. The connection is no more than that at the time of your birth I was living under the same roof when that auspicious event occurred and I had the schoolboy pleasure of partaking of your Christening cake.

Now it would be hypocritical were I to pretend that your father and most of his staff were inspired teachers of youth or that they made much of a job of my own education. But Charles Greene was at least a just and upright man, and nothing happened to me at Berkhamsted to discourage my natural inclination to play for my own side and to play hard for that side to win. "Extremism" do I hear you murmur? Well, it did not stop short at playing games. We boys in our 'teens who pitch-forked ourselves into the First World War were in no position—and in no mood—to weigh up the rights and wrongs of the dispute: our country was in danger and our single-minded attitude was to fight for her. Should you scan the long list of Old Boys killed —their names, in case you have forgotten, are on a panel outside the chapel—I beg you at least to raise your hat in their honour, even though it was "extremism" which led them to so early a death.

Now my dear Greene (or Sir Hugh if you wish to be addressed in all your dignity), the problem you can perhaps resolve for me is this. Why should it be *dulce et decorum pro patria mori* and yet reprehensible to fight for one's country against the subtler and perhaps even more dangerous attacks made against her in times of peace? So reprehensible that it makes the ibis and the crocodiles and the Hugh Greenes shudder?

RECORD OF HOSTILITY

Consider, if you will, the B.B.C's record towards my colleagues and myself in the course of our twelve-year old fight for the sovereign independence of the British nations. It began with an extremely hostile interview with our organising secretary Miss Leslie Greene (incidentally, a cousin of yours) by one of Broadcasting House's more waspish female interrogators. Two or three years later it was followed by a Panorama feature in which the fat voice of Richard Dimbleby dripped scorn on us (without his having the faintest understanding of our case) and in which the unspeakable Woodrow Wyatt, after rehearsing one set of questions with me, fired an entirely different set in front of the camera —questions so loaded that they were clearly designed to place me on the defensive and prevent my deploying our constructive arguments. Finally, last year, Malcolm Muggeridge attempted to bully seven of our youngest members (aged from 16 to 22) on B.B.C.2 and while these youngsters far more than held their own I could not understand (or perhaps I could) why you never allow one of our big guns—we have artillery quite as heavy (and as quick-firing) as any you can muster—to go into action against a man like Muggeridge. For the

rest, the B.B.C. ban has been operative. We have never once been given a clear run to state the principles which prevailed at Berkhamsted under your father's headship and at that time at every other school in the country. Why?

To be fair, there was one further attempt by the B.B.C. to give us some sort of a hearing. One of your pundits (incidentally a very decent man) arrived to interview me on what has been called "The Jewish Question". I imagined in my innocence that he had come to avail himself of my fairly deep and extensive study of such subjects as financial techniques. Instead of drawing me out on the stated theme, however, he began to ask me all sorts of questions of a personal nature—how as a child I got on with my step-father? Did I feel any resentment when my widowed mother re-married? That sort of thing. In a flash I realised that I was being, not interviewed, but psycho-analysed. When I grasped the fact that your psycho-analyst expert was seeking material for a feature on what makes some Gentiles entertain certain ideas about the Jews, to form part of a series which included such charming items as why women embrace prostitution and why people become alcoholics, using precisely the same technique (assuming *au fond* that lack of love for some Jews is of neurotic, if not of psychopathic, origin) I crashed into print about the so-called interview and so killed the impudent project stone dead. Nothing appeared.

VALID SUBJECTS

Now my view is that Jews and Jewish practices are as valid a subject for discussion and criticism as would be Germans and German practices, French and French practices, Britons and British practices or Eskimo and Eskimo practices. While I think that at the present time a B.B.C. debate on "The Jewish Question" would not be particularly useful, and might even be something of a red-herring, I am all on the side of Mr. Robert Pitman when he asks why in the name of Heaven a ban should be placed on a free discussion on racialism, with reference to the flood of black, brown and yellow immigrants which has been pouring into the British Isles for the last several years.

If at a school debate at Berkhamsted I had propounded the idea that the greatness of the British achievement in the world had been created by men and women of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic stocks, and that we owed it to the future to ensure that these stocks were not inextricably interwoven with disparate stocks from far-off lands, I would have been jeered into silence for labouring the obvious. If I had affirmed that the British Isles had been defended for well over a thousand years by English, Scots, Welsh and Irish, who were therefore entitled to inhabit their own homelands in peace, I would have been attacked from every side, not as a crank, but as a shallow propounder of truisms.

CONTINUING POLICY

Yet what was yesterday a truism is today, it seems, a pernicious heresy. Will you explain why, Sir Hugh?

I think you will not explain, and for this reason. Your two refreshingly forthright critics were wrong in thinking that the despotism and arrogance you reveal are your own. The policy you pursue is identical with B.B.C. policy ever since Godfrey Isaacs, of fragrant memory, first formed the British Broadcasting Company. In other words, it is not *your* policy. You hold to it, no doubt out of conviction, but I feel pretty sure that not unmixed with this conviction is a shrewd idea on which side your bread is buttered. If I am mistaken, you can easily prove my mistake. Somehow I don't think you will.

Yours sincerely,

A. K. CHESTERTON.

(2) ADDRESSING THE EDITOR OF S. AFRICA'S *DIE BURGER*

Dear Mr. Cillie,

As you may be aware, Mr. Laurence Gandar, editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, has been giving you an affectionate pat on the back in one of Britain's Sunday newspapers. What he said, in effect, was that if the South African Government's policies were to work out in the way you thought they would there would be nothing wrong with them—in other words, that although your heart is in the right place you are too idealistic by half. While it would not be accurate to say that Mr. Gandar established an intellectual accord with you—frankly I find more of temperament than of intellect in both your attitudes—it would I think be indisputable if I were to say that he did reveal signs of a marked spiritual affinity.

GENERAL BELIEF

Three years ago, during the long talk we had together, you told me—much to my surprise and much to the surprise, at that time, of my Nationalist friends to whom I recounted your remarks—(a) that you were yourself a liberal ("of the old-fashioned sort") and (b) that it was impossible for White indefinitely to rule Black. Therefore I cannot pretend that I blinked an eye when I read Mr. Gandar's encomium. But am I wrong, Mr. Cillie, in thinking that Nationalist Party supporters in the Transvaal and Orange Free State—yes, and many even in your own Cape—would be baffled and even incredulous were they to learn that Mr. Gandar held you in such friendly esteem? It is the general belief in South Africa that in the supposedly deadly conflict between Left and Right, between Progressives and Nationalists, the editors of the *Rand Daily Mail* and of *Die Burger* are as "the fell, incensed points of mighty opposites". What dismay there would be in the Nationalist camp, and for all I know in the Progressive camp as well, were these supposedly prodigious champions to be revealed as a couple of amiable liberals, separated by nothing beyond the feeling of each that the other's idealism had taken him politically a little off-beat!

At this point I have to declare my own interest. Last month the *Rand Daily Mail* published an article on what purported to be anti-Semitism but which shed so

little light on the subject that its real object was evidently to smear by association—and I was one of the people thus smeared, largely on account of a book I wrote thirty years ago. In the course of the diatribe the *Rand Daily Mail* made common cause with you by quoting an article you had written in *Die Burger* wherein occurred the following passages:

> "In this way South Africa is dragged into emotion-laden European and American situations, and South Africa's enemies, communists and others, make grateful use of the opportunities thus afforded them to incite ordinary people, who would otherwise have no feeling against the country, against South Africa.
>
> "It is a difficult situation to handle. Just as South Africa cannot control who proclaims her as enemy, so she cannot control who proclaims her as friend. However, South Africa could do more than just pray that she be saved from her friends. She could see to it that she dissociates herself at all suitable occasions from so-called friends who are actually her enemies, abroad and in South Africa. We are not convinced that the South African Government is as scrupulous about this as it could be."

The *Rand Daily Mail* mentions that your article was based on the discovery that books putting the South African case are being sold "in a new London bookshop" that also deals in anti-Jewish literature, but adds that it could also apply in other directions. Tell me, Mr. Cillie, was it not part of your intent, perhaps even the whole of your intent, that it should thus apply?

PREPOSTEROUS SUGGESTION

Let me give you my reason for thinking so. The "new London bookshop" is a scruffy little affair in a remote London suburb and is run by a tiny movement whose total membership, I am informed, numbers less than twenty. It is therefore altogether preposterous to suggest that the South African Government should—or even could—dissociate itself from a concern which not more than a couple of dozen people in the entire United Kingdom would be able to help it locate. No, Mr. Cillie, it was obviously not that minuscule quarry that you were hunting. Who was really the object of your attack?

Let me, at the risk of being thought egocentric, state a few facts. The movement founded by myself has demonstrated for many years on behalf of civilised White rule in South Africa. I have personal friends on both sides of the South African Parliament. Since 1960 I have been in touch with members of the South African Government. Last year I conferred with a group of South African Cabinet Ministers on matters of common interest. News of our London demonstrations has appeared in all the leading South African newspapers (except your own) and has often been relayed by the South African Broadcasting Corporation. Personal "splash" interviews with me at different times have been published by the *Cape Times*, the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* and the Johannesburg *Star*. What is more, while not doubting the sincerity with which you hold your beliefs, I have with no less sincerity denounced those beliefs in speeches and in articles, not from any Party angle (I am, or thought I was until I talked to you, on your side), but because of my conviction that your liberalist departure from the Strijdom brand of Nationalism endangers the entire basis upon which civilised White rule in South Africa has been sustained.

Taking all these facts into account, whom were you attacking in your article "Dangerous Friends"? An almost untrackable little bookshop in Outer London run by an almost invisible movement? Or myself and my friends and colleagues in the United Kingdom and elsewhere? Readers will draw their own conclusions.

EMOTION-LADEN

You write in the article under discussion about "emotion-laden" situations but in truth nothing could be more laden with emotion than your own prose. Would you please inform me what turpitude resides in probing and exposing the extent of Jewish financial power, which is a bigger factor in the developing world situation (and in South Africa) than *Die Burger* is ever likely to have the courage to admit? Will you also please tell me whether, when you use words like "Fascist", you do so as a scholar or simply as a cheap smear-merchant employing a political swear-word? If you claim to be writing as a scholar you will know that Fascism was a politico-economic system which sought an alternative to both Marxism and *laissez-faire* capitalism and was very much milder in its revolutionary birth-pangs than the parent of your own political philosophy. Would you be happy to claim your liberalism as the off-spring of Madame Guillotine? At any rate, I know of no movement in Great Britain today which seeks to introduce the politico-economic creed of Fascism. On the other hand, of course, if you were merely using the term Fascist as a swear-word, then it could be flung at almost anybody who does not happen to agree with you. There are, it is true, a few lunatics re-living at second-hand the grisly Nazi daydream. If it is against these frenetical asses that you are solemnly warning your Government, then there must be something wrong with your sense of proportion—to say nothing of your sense of the ridiculous.

HAZARDOUS TASK

But, as I have said, I feel quite sure that such were not your targets, if only because in the South African context they have made no impact whatever upon the public mind. Those friends—"Dangerous Friends" say you—who gave up the better part of a weekend to welcome Mr. Eric Louw at London Airport were Empire Loyalists. Those who marched through London with an anti-apartheid mob and carried a banner "Remember Cato Manor and Police hacked to death" —risking serious injury to themselves—were Empire Loyalists. When violently anti-South African Government speeches have been made in London and the Provinces by people such as Archbishop Joost de Blank, Bishop Reeves, Father Huddleston, the Rev. Michael Scott, Patrick Duncan and others of that kidney, Empire Loyalists have time and again undertaken the hazardous task of refuting their misrepresentations, often in the teeth of howling Red mobs.

Yet these fine, honest, disinterested young Britons who have made so valiant a stand for truth are people you have the flaming impertinence and intellectual dishonesty to call the "enemies" of South Africa. You imagine that it is they who smear South Africa by their

championship, giving never a thought to the possibility that they are themselves smeared because of it, by those real and implacable enemies who have given South Africa its bad name, and whom you are now vainly trying to appease by your own sucking-dove act at the Court of International Justice at The Hague.

The finishing touches to this picture require only the recollection that the Joost de Blanks, the Bishop Reeves, the Michael Scotts, the Patrick Duncans and the men behind them, if they are not your friends, are all friends of Mr. Laurence Gandar, who thinks you are such a damned fine fellow.

My view of you, Mr. Cillie, is different. The most moderate word with which I would describe you is the old English word "churl". That apart, while I do not doubt your sincerity, I maintain that your so-called "Nationalism", innocent though you be of the fact, is completely bogus—a gigantic and deadly dangerous charade and an inexcusable misuse of an honourable word.

Your effort to cause a rift between the South African Government and the members of our Loyalist movement who are the true friends of the White man in Southern Africa is likely, if continued, to land you in deeper water than you can possibly know. Perhaps it would be no bad thing for South African survival were a show-down to be forced, enabling South Africans to know who are their true friends abroad and who are the enemy's fifth columnists at home.

Yours truly,

A. K. CHESTERTON.

CUT AND THRUST

OF all the Prime Ministers with which our country for may decades has been cursed, Harold Wilson is beyond doubt the smuggest and politically the most immature. After the first day's session of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers—now a most unsavoury rag-tag-and-bobtail collection of political cheapjacks—Wilson appeared before the television cameras to announce, as though it were a stroke of supreme statecraft, that he would lead a multi-racial gaggle of colleagues on a mission to try to secure peace in Vietnam. The impression was given that the move had complete "Commonwealth" backing. Next day the Kenya representative dissociated himself from it, Nyrere of Tanzania—his eye-balls rolling in near frenzy—denounced it (truthfully enough, it must be admitted) as a British political manoeuvre to appease Labour's "wild men", Chou En-lai dropped water on the project from a great height and Ho Chi-Minh did so from an even greater height, Russia said "Niet", Nkrumah (a nominated member of the mission) made it a pre-condition that American bombing should first stop and Australian troops be withdrawn (the latter being no bad idea) and in a frantic effort to get this dove of peace—perhaps pterodactyl would be a better word—off the ground the suggestion was made that Lester Pearson instead of Wilson should head the mission.

Taken all-in-all Harold Wilson has made a mockery of Britain and a fool of himself, demonstrated the abject impotence of the Commonwealth as at present inspired, and pleased nobody—not even his White House master, who is probably chuckling at the thought of his discomfiture. Truly has it been said that pride comes before a fall, but the trouble is that our brash Prime Minister brings down with him the whole nation to sprawl in the mire.

* * *

The moral of Vietnam is that the Americans—even had they a clear field at home—lack the nous to handle situations of this kind. Had they supported the French in Indo-China, instead of treacherously undermining and then supplanting them, the country in all likelihood would now be at peace. But they have not had a clear field at home. Their operations in Vietnam have much the same smell as that which emanated from the pretended counter-revolution against Castro. But Washington has not had a clear run, as F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover has shown in his exposure of Red machinations in U.S. foreign policy.

Even Joseph Alsop, a supporter of the Johnson regime, reporting from Hong Kong, asserts that the original U.S. initiative "has been completely abandoned to the enemy". He writes that "the (North Vietnamese) targets are trivial. The areas under attack are those of least importance to the Hanoi Government. What is now the main supply and invasion route has not even been hit once on North Vietnamese soil . . . . . What may be the logic of this one-note piano playing is hard to perceive . . . . . " There, Mr. Alsop, I beg leave to disagree with you. President Johnson has duly made his token anti-Communist gesture and the secret Government in New York is now getting ready to notch up yet another in its unending series of victories.

* * *

The Commonwealth Conference has also been discussing Rhodesia, in the upshot revealing the shape of things to come that the present writer for some time has uneasily been predicting. The lunatic cry of African states for one man, one vote, and an immediate Black Government, constitutes the sort of bogey which will make a compromise formula, however ultimately disastrous, appear almost attractive to many Rhodesian minds.

The compromise, of course, will be a phased progression towards Black Government—the same sort of trick played on the Europeans in Kenya. Nor should the Rhodesians, when presented with it, take any timetable too seriously. When in 1959 Norman Harris told me, in the Legco Building in Nairobi, that the Lennox-Boyd proposals would be good for twenty years I replied that they would not be good for twenty weeks. Who was right?

I had hoped that it would be the immortal fame of the Ian Smith Government to provide a turning-point in history by refusing to give countenance to the lunatic pretence that Africans have the capacity to rule a modern State in the nuclear age. This could only be done by standing firm for continued White rule.

If terms could be negotiated with the British Government, that would be splendid. But as that Government will make acceptance of a time-table for a Black take-over a *sine qua non* of any settlement, what will be the point of Salisbury's negotiating unless in fact Ian Smith is now prepared to compromise? We can but keep our fingers crossed in the hope that there will be no surrender to the multi-racialists, who have always shown themselves to be the trail-blazers for the African mono-racialists. How forlorn the hope may be is now anybody's guess.

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Readers may have seen the list of names of people supporting the new Anglo-Chinese Friendship Society—they are the usual run-of-the-mill cryptos, fellow-travellers, publicity-seekers, and a-political sentimentalists whom the very word "friendship" has power to bring on heat. The formation of this body prepared one for the disclosure by *The Christian Scientist Monitor* that a new Comintern orientated towards Pekin is likely to be created at a meeting next month in Switzerland.

Will its headquarters also be in New York? What prompts the question is the fact that negotiations have been going on for the purchase by a wealthy Chinese merchant from Hong Kong of the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn Heights. This statement was made by Jerome K. Weisenthal, attorney for Vantar Properties Inc., which bought the hotel only last year. A curious feature of the business, as American readers who care to consult the New York telephone directory will discover, is that Mr. Weisenthal's address is 444 Madison Avenue. It so happens that 444 Madison Avenue is also the address of Anna M. Rosenberg, a previous Secretary for Defence, if I am not mistaken, and the wife of Paul Hoffman, managing director of the United States Special Fund. A coincidence, perhaps. Or perhaps not.

* * *

The day after my article "The Great Yellow Peril Fraud" appeared, *The Times* published an article written in Canton by Mark Gayn, of the *Toronto Daily Star*. Mr. Gayn makes some interesting revelations, such as these: "When the communists marched into the city (Shanghai) in 1950 they found a small cable factory with a few pre-war American machines. Now they have rows of Chinese copies of what are really museum pieces. Here and at Anshan, as in so many other places, the Chinese are building obsolescence into their new factories. Their new industry begins by being 30 years behind the times. The industry is still very useful, but sooner or later the Chinese will have to realise that the world is pulling away from them and they will have to start anew from scratch. Chinese industry is woefully inefficient. The civil war veterans who are in charge are zealous but technically ignorant, its labour force is far too large, and it has too many people pushing pens in offices. In a typical plant, with its banners and posters bearing appeals to work harder, one is struck by the number of workers clustered about each machine. A lathe built for one may have four or five persons about it. Sometimes it is explained that these are young hands being trained, but a couple of times, in bursts of candour, factory managers said it was redundant labour. The state compensates for the resulting low productivity by paying low wages. The average factory pay now runs to about 22 dollars (about £8) a month; the highest pay of a skilled worker is just under 45 dollars." Another Workers' Paradise, in fact!

All this seems to confirm my thesis that China's lack of an industrial culture puts her out of the running, and will indefinitely keep her out of the running, to compete on equal terms with the West. It gives the strongest possible support to my contention that the attempt to depict China as a formidable modern power is a piece of quite staggering fraudulent misrepresentation.

* * *

From another quarter comes support for what has long been my argument—an argument which hitherto I seem to have expounded in complete isolation—that the alleged Sino-Russian dispute is as meretricious as is the East-West "cold war". I quote from the *Readers' Digest* for May: "Who says the Chinese and Russians are enemies of each other? The Chinese and the Russians say it. But when did either one of them ever *prove* he could be believed in dealings with the rest of the world? The verbal war of Russia and China could be for the purpose of confusing and misleading the rest of us, to get us to help one of them, which would actually help both. When two huge grindstones clash, it may be for the purpose of crushing something between them."

Everywhere hath a prophet honour, save . . . . . However fortunately I am not a seeker after honour and it is satisfaction enough to find that, as long as one keeps on plugging away long enough, other publications sometimes wake up to the truths that one has been called a crank and fanatic for proclaiming through the years to a starkly incredulous world.

* * *

A Minister of the Zambian Government has said that his country cannot tolerate an Opposition because it does not contain more than 30 people of cabinet calibre. This might have been regarded as an argument for not extending self-government to Zambia in the first place, even had the Minister not exaggerated the number of Africans suitably qualified by 30! How does my friend John Roberts now feel about the eight European special seats in the Legislative Assembly?

The worthy Minister also said, truthfully enough, that the concept of an Opposition is completely alien to the African mind. Ghana has certainly worked on this principle. Its official journal stated before the recent "general election" that anybody who opposed a People's Convention Party nominee was a public enemy. The result was that all its 174 candidates were returned without the trouble and expense of holding an election at all. How about that for democracy on the cheap! Yet no doubt the Fenner Brockways and others who have been ennobled for their services to

their African brothers still continue to think that their lives and energies have been devoted to the cause of liberating the Africans from despotic rule. It would be salutary if only one among them were to confess that in advocating democracy for the Africans all he managed to do was to make a fool of himself and slaves of his would-be beneficiaries.

* * *

At a dinner in his honour given by the World Jewish Congress Mr. Israel Moses Sieff in the course of his speech said: "Our positive approach to the survival of a unified Jewry is based upon the great moral values which are in our history and literature. It is, therefore, for us to expand our educational institutions, to increase their number so that we can ensure that our people shall learn what is expected from them so that Jewish prophecy shall be realised and that we shall be in the van of those nations which will lead mankind to the goals of the prophetic ideal. We have a great deal to do. We have to fight anti-Semitism; we have to educate Jewish youth to the importance of their destiny; we have, to use the words of my co-Vice-President Mr. Bronfman of Canada, to maintain our strength to achieve greater unity. We have to settle down to serious planning. Now is the time for us to teach our youth a code of conduct and life which will help to give the proper quality and character to Jewish survival. These are stray thoughts which I utter here with a feeling of optimism in the future. It will not be for me to see the realisation of our ideals, but those of you who are here who have in your hands the power of government."

Am I right in thinking that Mr. Sieff was being quite remarkably candid?

* * *

Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, who achieved considerable notoriety as the chief United Nations representative in Katanga at the time when United Nations troops were waging an all-out war against that unhappy province (in the process they committed many unspeakable atrocities) and who later became Vice-Chancellor of Ghana University, has accepted a Chair at the New York University. "Which Chair?" the reader will ask breathlessly. Believe it or not the Chair of Humanities.

What gives added irony to the appointment is that the Chair is attached to a new foundation being set up by the University in honour of Dr. Albert Schweitzer! It is rather as though our Chiefs of Staff were to establish a British Nuclear Warfare Service and nominate Canon Collins as its commander-in-chief.

* * *

There has just been brought to my notice an item published in the *Jewish Chronicle* some months ago. It reads: "The Israeli Ministry of Health has approved the production by a local pharmaceutical concern of an oral contraceptive, but only for export. A Ministry spokesman declined to comment directly on reports that the Ministry was withholding approval of local sales for social and moral reasons."

Here we have, I suppose, what is known as "the double standard". It can scarcely fail to be borne in on perceptive minds how expertly these people employ the double standard in almost every department of life.

There is a coloured gentleman now going the rounds in Great Britain to organise strikes and generally to stir up discontent among coloured workers here. His theme is: "We have one enemy. It is the White Man. He is the one who is oppressing us." As he sometimes flies to his assignments—in Preston, or Coventry, or wherever it may be—it would seem that there is no lack of money to cramp his style. Should the proposed Race Relations Bill become law, will he be jailed for preaching racial hatred? Or sent to the Lords?

The worthy gentleman has been in the public eye before. His name is Michael de Freitas and one of his former occupations was that of a rent-collector for the Rachman racket. This record should not stand in the way of his ennoblement should the Government wish to honour him. The question that we would put to the creature, and to others over here who regard the White Man as their enemy, is a simple one. Why not get to Hell out of it? It is a logical question but if the new legislation goes through I suppose it could land me—and not de Freitas—in jail!

* * *

An American associate who worked with the late Sir Winston Churchill declared that in 1947 Churchill was in favour of dropping atom bombs on the Soviet Union if it did not clear its troops out of Central Europe.

We have heard much in recent times of the danger of having lunatics with a finger on the nuclear trigger, but I suppose this has to be a case of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

* * *

In a sense it is a pity that the Beatles should have proved the cataclyst which caused the Honours List explosion. Although, as a friend remarked after reading the awards, "the whole thing has become a pantomime", and although for my own part I abominate their hair-style, the sounds which issue from their mouths and above all the screaming hysteria of their fans, yet I think the Beatles themselves are very decent lads who have not allowed wealth and "fame" to go to their honest-to-goodness Liverpudlian heads.

I would prefer these youngsters to receive their M.B.E's than to have to hail the former Left Book Club publisher and capital-punishment abolitionist as "Sir" Victor Gollancz, or to recognise Professor Blackett as a Companion of Honour. I should have thought that a more suitable decoration for the Professor would have been, if not the Red Star, then at least the Deep-Pink Star. If there are no such decorations they should be created forthwith.

* * *

Not, of course, that the Honours scandal is of recent growth. I suppose the rot started when Pitt began to sell peerages to raise funds for his wars. But in our own time the thing has become almost obscene. I am not now referring to those who appeared in last

month's List. But it was not long ago that a large-scale bucket-shop promoter (he is since dead) was created a Life Peer. Among the Life Peers still alive is a man who made a swift exit from a Government job because of a certain "irregularity" in respect of a financial matter. No doubt more extensive research would reveal even grubbier cases of honouring the dishonourable, but why worry?

Perhaps Wilson has done a good job in bringing the Honours system into a sort of final derision and disrepute, so that no intelligent person can ever again take it seriously. Even so, I expect there will be no lack of politicians and others who will continue to swallow their principles and even eat their hats for the privilege of a knighthood or even a B.E.M. As a traditionalist I dislike the disappearance of traditions, but since the British Government has made the Honours List a laughing-stock for the world I suggest that the whole system should now be quietly dropped into the discard.

* * *

A woman reader of *Candour* wrote to the Earl of Arran protesting against his move in the House of Lords to have homosexual practices between consenting adults made legal. She received from the noble Lord an enraged letter in which he described her attitude as being "unchristian" and "fascist".

The word "fascism" has been thrown about pretty recklessly since the war but this is probably the first time that it has been bestowed, however unwittingly, as a title of honour!

* * *

When the Sexual Offences Bill came before the House of Lords for consideration in committee, Viscount Dilhorne made an attempt to render it less objectionable by moving that sodomy should be excluded from the homosexual acts which were to be legalised. The Archbishop of Canterbury and 85 other Lords Spiritual and Temporal successfully squashed even this amendment.

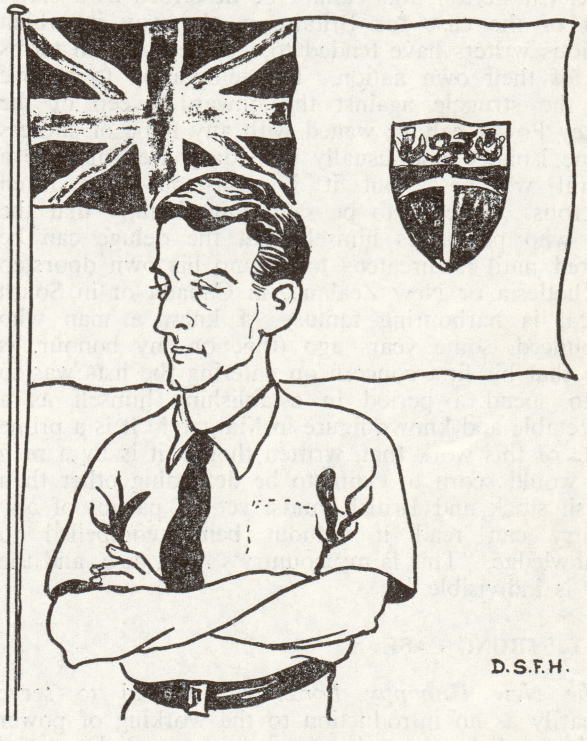
In the course of the debate Lady Gaitskell made quite the most preposterous statement I have ever read. She said, according to *The Times*, that "it was a pity nature had made childbirth exclusively a female business. If men had babies they would be less squeamish about their own bodies. . . . . " Can it be that Lady Gaitskell is in possession of some facts of life not known to the rest of us? It is more likely, I think, that she is herself unaware of what any lawyer could tell her—that very many marriages come to grief because of husbands whose actions—or attempted actions—are as biologically confused as Lady Gaitskell's thinking seems to be.

A.K.C.

THE LOYALIST

"So raise the scarlet standard high;
Beneath its shade we'll live or die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors seeer
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here!"

(Refrain from the revolutionary song *The Red Flag*, sung by Mr. Harold Wilson and all the delegates at the British Labour Party Conference in October 1964.)



THE REBEL

"If independence means some unfortunate member of the Royal Family coming here to haul down the Union Jack, it will be over our dead bodies."

(Mr. Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Rhodesia, at a press conference in Salisbury, Rhodesia, on November 7, 1964.)

THE NEW UNHAPPY LORDS

By AIDAN MACKEY

IT is one of life's minor coincidences that the publication of this book* should occur simultaneously with the death of Bernard Mannes Baruch. This is not to say that the passing of Baruch is more than the disappearance from the scene of a name that became a symbol of usury, for it is certain that arrangements for the handing over of control, if not the actual tranference of power, were made years ago. The recent death of the wielder of the big stick of credit control does not in itself mark the end of an era. There are, however, still sufficient men interested in the defence of Christendom within whose power it lies to cause the appearance of this book to mark the beginning of a new era—of a revolt against the yoke which usury has too long laid across the shoulders of the world.

FIGHT INDIVISIBLE

The New Unhappy Lords is the more welcome because it is, I believe, the first major and all-embracing statement of the case against internationalism to be published in Britain. Yet, strangely enough coming from the pen of so unswerving a British patriot as A. K. Chesterton, this cannot be described as a statement of the case for Britain, in the way in which previous writers have tended to see the battle in terms only of their own nation. The temptation to believe that the struggle against the onward sweep of the Money Power can be waged with any hope of success in one isolated and usually secondary area may be a natural weakness, but it is disastrous—and often ludicrous. It needs to be said quite bluntly that the man who persuades himself that the deluge can be ignored until it threatens to swamp his own doorstep in Rhodesia or New Zealand, in Canada or in South Africa, is harbouring fantasy. I knew a man who announced, some years ago (this, on my honour, is true) that his first concern on entering the lists was to be to spend a period in establishing himself as a respectable and known figure in Margate! It is a prime virtue of this work that, written though it is by a man who would scorn to claim to be defending other than British stock and British lands, yet no patriot of any country can read it without being compelled to acknowledge, "This is my country's fight, also, and the fight is indivisible."

VERY STRONG CASE

The New Unhappy Lords is intended to serve primarily as an introduction to the working of power politics, and the staggering amount of essential material has entailed drastic compression so that the sweep and impact of the story should not be lost. It would have been an error to have attempted, in this single volume, a detailed documentation. If what has been recorded here does not convince the reader that there is at least a very strong case to be investigated, then no amount of reference or documentation would help. To those familiar with the case, and engaged in propagating it, the book will constitute an invaluable source of quick reference, and to hand it to new contacts will be the speediest and most effective possible way of putting over our thesis. In so passing it out, do so with the injunction, "Give the case a fair hearing. Don't just sneer at what seems far-fetched. Challenge anything and everything—then check its veracity."

A GLIMPSE

Inevitably, the book has defects. One is that compression, even of this standard, cannot but involve some loss in places. Speaking of Churchill's reluctant acquiescence in the betrayal of Poland, A.K.C. writes: —

> "That was a revealing glimpse of Winston Churchill. His turning unhappily away shows that he must have been aware of what really impended. On the other hand, his remark about instructing the British Ambassador provides more than a hint of perhaps still latent *folie de grandeur*. His making over to Roosevelt a document giving the United States sole use of atomic power for industrial purposes after the war and his initialling, together with Roosevelt, of the diabolical Morgenthau plan for the "Pastoralisation" of Germany, shows the tremendous duress placed upon him. Despite his statement that he had not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire he must have known that such in fact was now his role."

There can be no valid criticism of that passage as it stands, but what a pity that it could not be expanded, and the episodes to which it makes such concise reference dealt with at the length they merit.

MINISTER ASTONISHED

My second and last criticism is that the book has been written by A. K. Chesterton.

Before I am assailed by outraged colleagues and readers, I make hurried explanation. On page 63 A.K.C. writes of some event: "Then what the present writer had expected duly happened." The advantage of having had this book not, perhaps, written but annotated by someone other than its author would be that due prominence could be given to a factor of major importance—that the author did not merely "expect" events, but prophesied them, as volume after volume of *Candour* will prove, with an accuracy always astonishing and sometimes literally breath-taking. I was once present at a private meeting between A.K. and the Chief Minister of one of the British Lands overseas. The Minister, already taken aback by A.K.'s detailed knowledge of the country, was about to tell of a visit and proposals recently made by representa-

**The New Unhappy Lords* by A. K. Chesterton (Candour Publishing Co. 25/-)

tives of the World Bank. A.K. interrupted to say, "No, let me tell you", and I sat watching the Minister's face register ascending degrees of bewilderment and his mouth literally falling open. When A.K. had ended, came the response, "But you *couldn't* know that, A.K., *nobody* knows it yet!", and after he had groped his way out into the Croydon night, I had to send a taxi after him, bearing his forgotten hat.

MAJOR FACTOR

I call this a factor of major importance because if it is an impressive feat to be able to trace out the convolutions of this sinister pattern and interpret it as Chesterton has done for many years past, how much more impressive is it when the pattern has been delineated, with devastating exactitude, well in advance of events, and not once or twice but consistently over many years. What I would really like to read is a biography of A. K. Chesterton written by someone who could set his life and work against the background of world politics.

Many of the readers to whom the thesis here presented is novel, will say that it does not present a balanced picture. In the sense that it does not attempt to show equal parts of light and shade, or to alternate warning and hope until they cancel out, this is true. But if by a balanced view we mean that the picture drawn is deadly accurate, by a sane critic, of the grotesque imbalance of the world today, then seldom was a book more balanced. The mark, to my mind, of the author's sense of proportion is his insistence upon limiting himself to issues which are alive and pertinent. All the by-paths—not all without interest or significance—have been jettisoned. Churchill figures in the story to the extent that he must, but there is no space wasted on recrimination for its own sake. Baruch, Senator McCarthy and many others with whom we have been concerned in the past, have little place here, for this is not a history of the fight against subversion. It is concerned with 1965 and the period immediately before us.

UNFAILING GRASP

A. K. Chesterton stands above other political writers in several ways, but the cardinal one is his unfailing grasp of what is vitally significant and what is not. That is what I had in mind when I suggested that this is a book for every patriot in every country, and if there are a number who share in some degree A. K. Chesterton's awareness of what is important, then the publication of *The New Unhappy Lords* could well be the start of a new resurgence.

ISN'T SCIENCE WONDERFUL!

By AVRIL WALTERS

". . . . . and I would point out, furthermore, that now that Zamwaspa is a signatory of the Test Ban Treaty, many of our people feel that their legitimate aspirations are being thwarted. This deep-seated resentment would be dispersed as the morning sun dispels the dew were UNESCO to grant us the trifling sum of £7½m towards our earth-shattering lunar project."

Almost mechanically, Owongo Obongo, Minister of Atomic Research, Philosophy and the Heavens, in the newly emerged state of Zamwaspa, removed his dusky secretary from his knee and picked up his golf clubs "Have that ready for me to sign by next week", he ordered, and stepped briskly towards his waiting Cadillac.

MIXED FEELINGS

Three months later the epistle reached UNESCO's bustling H.Q. "7½ millions", mused Isadore (Issy) Fishstein, dynamic, dedicated scientific wizard who was the Director-General of Cosmic Developments in the Newly Emergent Nations. "Could be worse. Last lot wanted 300 million. Feel rather like a bit of sunshine anyway." He pressed a decisive finger on the buzzer. "Miss Salmon, book me a flight to Zamwaspa for tomorrow morning and cable their Minister of Atomic Research, Philosophy and Heavens to meet me."

The cable was received with mixed feelings by Owongo Obongo. The money was fine, fine . . . . . but the damned cheek of this white underling expecting to be met by him personally. Soon put him in his place! He shuffled his secretary into a more convenient position and gently bade her send the office boy to the airport.

An hour or so later his feelings of wrath had completely evaporated, and he applied himself diligently to the business of costing the enterprise.

10 dustbins from the bazaar—£10.

1 beer barrel—2s.0d.

Balance remaining from £M7½—£7,499,989.18s.0d.

Owongo Obongo laughed gleefully at the thought of this bumper profit and reached simultaneously for his secretary and his gin. Unfortunately he dropped both, but was too excited to care.

Issy Fishstein was greeted at the airport with due lack of ceremony and whisked posthaste to the site from which the Zamwaspa moon rocket was to be launched—not that he at first recognised it as such. Instead of the usual conglomeration of steel, glass and concrete his startled gaze beheld a scene which baffled even the dynamic Fishstein cerebrum. A hundred or so Africans stood, goggle-eyed, tracing the course of a large beer barrel racketing down a thirty foot ant-hill. Nearby stood a large pile of what appeared to be brand-new dustbins flashing with diamond brilliance in the piercing African sun. On a tree to his right swung an African wearing a bowler hat and clutching an umbrella between his teeth. At the sight of this last phenomenon, Issy,

although in an almost trance-like state of bewilderment, was unable to prevent a very naughty, un-UNESCO-like thought flitting through his mind.

He jerked himself out of his stupor and turned to his guide: "What is that pile of dustbins?" he asked, the question ending on a squeak despite his efforts to speak normally.

"That, sir, is our moon rocket", replied the African reverently.

"But you can't go to the moon in a pile of dustbins!" This time the whole sentence emerged as a squeak—and, oh God! The lisp had come back!

The African laughed delightedly at the white man's stupidity. "Oh sir, sir. You do not understand. These dustbins are to be joined together by a process we have discovered called soldering. When they are together they will be the capsule of our moon rocket."

Issy felt the dynamism ebbing from his body. At this precise moment the beer barrel completed its journey and a group of Africans ran towards it and hauled out a . . . . . Issy rubbed his eyes, pinched himself and looked again, but it was . . . . . a woman. Rather bruised looking, but indisputably a woman. He pointed a trembling finger towards the scene and half gasped, half croaked, "What . . . . . what . . . is that?"

"That, sir," announced the African proudly, "is the Sister of the Heavens. As you have seen for yourself we are working hard to simulate the conditions our world-shaking astronauts will have to endure when they land on the moon." At this point the Sister of the Heavens burst into tears.

Issy could not bear to see a woman crying, so he looked away, to the African still swinging in the tree. "Is he an astronaut too?" he queried feebly.

"Oh no, sir. It is astonishing to me that you should not be acquainted with *him*. His name is a household word throughout the world. That, sir, is the Minister for Atomic Research, Philosophy and the Heavens." Issy fainted. When he regained consciousness the Minister for Atomic Research, Philosophy and the Heavens was bending over him solicitously. Actually Owongo Obongo had feared that he was dead, and it was concern for his £M7½ rather than for Issy which caused him thus to manifest such tender concern. With magnificent control, Issy managed to say: "Mr. Obongo, I presume" and extend his hand in something approaching his usual warm, sincere handshake. Owongo Obongo beamed at him cheerfully. "I see you found our sensational scientific advances too much for one morning. I am not surprised, not surprised at all. Where is the cheque?"

The word "cheque" always galvanised Issy into dynamism. "Cheque!" he exclaimed. "You expect me to give you £M7½ so that you can swing in a tree and roll women in beer barrels down ant-hills? You must be off your head. How is your pile of dust-bins going to get to the moon, just tell me that! Just give me one good reason why I should give you the money."

The Minister for Atomic Research, Philosophy and the Heavens smiled sweetly. "Mr. Fishstein, I was swinging in the tree to simulate the condition of weightlessness. Our *capsule*, when the component dustb—I mean, parts—have been assembled, will be catapulted to the moon from a sapling. You will give us the £M7½ because if you don't we shall create hell at the United Nations and accuse you of being a Fascist. We shall say, my dear sir, that the money was withheld because of the colour of our skins."

Issy groaned. He rose painfully to his feet—those damned ants get everywhere—and wrote a cheque for £M6½. Owongo Obongo snatched it greedily. "Where's the other £M1?" he cried indignantly.

"Business is business, my boy. If you don't get what you want you'll denounce me as a Fascist. If *I* don't get *my* cut I'll bring all the leading scientists in the world to see your . . . . . launching pad . . . . . "

"Shake!" said Owongo Obongo.

"Shake!" said Issy.

SUCH A SHOCK FOR THORPE!

IT was such a shock for Jeremy Thorpe, the Liberal M.P. for North Devon who is so liberal that he loves to hobnob with Communists in such organisations as the Anti-Apartheid Movement and the Movement for Colonial Freedom. There he was on a sunny Sunday afternoon in Trafalgar Square, addressing a mob of perfervid anti-Whites and doing his best to live up to a speaker who had set a hot pace in the degeneracy stakes by praising the "sportsmanship" of John Harris, the South African schoolmaster whose sole claim to fame is that he planted a suitcase-bomb at a railway station in Johannesburg and murdered an old woman, seriously wounding 13 others. And all of a sudden there popped up beside him on the plinth a couple of Empire Loyalists with placards which read: "One Man, One Vote in Africa equals One-Party Dictatorship: Empire Loyalists Say White Rule equals Fair Rule", and "Anti-Apartheid Movement Backs Mau Mau: The League of Empire Loyalists Backs Civilised Government in Rhodesia and South Africa".

Mr. Thorpe looked a good deal more annoyed than he had a few minutes earlier, when a message of apology for absence from Humphrey Berkeley, Tory M.P. for Lancaster, had been punctuated by shouts from Loyalists in the crowd of "Humphrey Berkeley is doing pretty well out of subversion in Africa", "Berkeley is Nyerere's stooge" and "he's Tanzania's tame banker".

Before the meeting began a League of Empire Loyalists loudspeaker car had toured Trafalgar Square, a League spokesman asking: "Why does David Ennals (chairman of the Anti-Apartheid Movement) not denounce the despotism of the one-party dictatorships in some of the new African States, such as Ghana?" No reply came from the platform.

News of the League's counter-demonstration was broadcast throughout South Africa the same evening by S.A.B.C.

SORRY SCUTTLE FROM ADEN

By GRIFFITH PIERCE

DURING the First World War the genius and fortitude of T. E. Lawrence raised British prestige to unprecedented heights in the Arab world. The Balfour Declaration of 1917 initiated the succession of broken pledges which, over the years, dissipated that prestige into mistrust and the eventual hatred which gave birth to Nasser. The Suez crisis was probably Britain's last opportunity to regain respect, if not friendship, from the Arabs outside Egypt who, by the very nature of their religious beliefs, pay tribute to strength and despise weakness. They beheld a Britain, betrayed by her internal Fifth Column and subdued by her enemies and bad friends in the United Nations, retreat meekly from a situation in which she had the right of moral justice and treaty obligation on her side. So, to the Arab world, Nasser became a modern Mahomet, a prophet who offered the Arabs the unity and strength which could have been achieved under British leadership in the years following the Great War.

So Nasser (with his foreign backers) emerged in full control of the Suez Canal. One outpost of Britain's former imperial power alone remained to deny him complete domination over this essential artery of communication should conflict arise again in the Middle East. This was the area of the Aden Colony and the Aden Protectorate situated on the Southern coast of Arabia and on the Red Sea trade route between Europe and the East, a base from which, under the necessities of defence from aggression, Britain might have advanced to regain what had been filched from her by a combination of treachery, bad faith and opportunism.

FAMILIAR PATTERN

Any hope that such could ever be the case was soon to melt away under the events of the following years. The now unpleasantly familiar pattern of Britain's retreat from responsibilty under the slightest pressure began to be apparent in the Government's attitude to the future of both the Protectorate and the Colony. In 1959 was founded a Federation of Arab States in the Protectorate and the six original states were joined by five more. As this Federation grew in size so did its ambitions and soon came the demand for closer union with the Colony. The desire to extend its authority over the free port of Aden was a little reminiscent of Hitler's ambitions towards Danzig. In 1961 the Supreme Council of the Federation put forward a demand for "independence in full union with the Colony of Aden *and with other Arabian States*". This demand was renewed later in 1961 and the British Government, in line with its fashion of imperial retreat, was quick to arrange discussions, first in London and then in Aden.

Nasser, meanwhile, watched from the wings, satisfied that he only had to wait and the British Government would facilitate the dropping of this ripe plum into his outstretched fez.

There was not even the graceful exit of protracted discussion. By May, 1962, the British Government had agreed to a Federation of Southern Arabia which would unite Aden Colony and the Federal States. The ensuing White Paper was entitled "Accession of Aden to the Federation of South Arabia"; secession would have been a more fitting description. Granted the White Paper contained a draft treaty between the Government of the United Kingdom and the Government of the Federation which said that nothing in the Treaty would affect British sovereignty over Aden. Furthermore, under Article IX of the Treaty the British Government may withdraw at any time "any area or areas within Aden" which they consider necessary to fulfil defence responsibilities. But after Suez where we had a similar treaty right could we still be sufficiently naive to place any confidence in such an undertaking in any area where the shadow of Nasser loomed ?

So on 18th January 1963 Aden Colony formally joined the Federation which is now known as the Federation of South Arabia.

But, in 1962, realising how events were facilitating his aims of complete control of the communication between Europe and the East, Nasser had begun to prepare his ground. In September of that year revolution flared up in the neighbouring Yemen and, as fighting continued between the Imam's royalist forces and the new republican regime of Nasser's puppets, he sent an Egyptian army of 40,000 supported by tanks, heavy guns and modern aircraft to support the republican side. The Imam received help on a lesser scale in small arms and supplies from Saudi Arabia but not any troops. Egyptian aircraft have carried out frequent raids with bombs and napalm on unarmed villages in the Imam's territory, killing and wounding many women and children. As a result of mediation by the United Nations and the United States, an agreement was reached whereby the United Arab Republic agreed to begin a phased withdrawal of Egyptian troops and Saudi Arabia agreed to end its aid for the Imam. Saudi Arabia accordingly carried out its

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side of the agreement; on the other hand, Nasser increased his forces by one to two thousand men.

How different has been the attitude of both the United Nations and the United States to Nasser from that which they both took towards Britain at the time of the Suez operation!

So from that time onwards the South Arabian Federation has been subjected to armed attack and subversion from the Yemen with strong Egyptian support. While visiting the Yemen on 24th April, 1964, Nasser called for the expulsion of Britain from Aden and "other Arab lands", this no doubt being a reference to his ultimate takeover of the entire Federation. He also declared that Egyptian troops would not be withdrawn from the Yemen.

Since then British troops have been actively engaged in the defence of the Federation against the continuing infiltration from Egyptian-backed Yemenite sources.

In spite of all this the then Mr. R. A. Butler (now gracefully retired to the House of Lords), Foreign Secretary, piously declared in June 1964 that "we wish to ensure the completion in an orderly and constructive fashion of the evolution to independence of the Federation of South Arabia". There can be little doubt that a Labour Government will expedite the process even more rapidly than he would have done.

The writing on the wall needs no prophetic genius to complete its story. Once full "independence" is attained a Nasser-inspired "coup" will bring the whole Federation into the orbit of the United Arab Republic and Nasser (again, with his foreign backers) will have realised his aim of complete control of the Mediterranean artery of East-West communication.

S.A. CANDOUR LEAGUE'S A.G.M.

THE Candour League of South Africa held its first Annual General Meeting at Cape Town in June when the Chairman, Mr. John Gray, read out telegrams of good wishes from the Policy Director of the League of Empire Loyalists, Mr. H. L. Fendall on behalf of the New Zealand Loyalists and the chairman, Matabeleland West Branch of the Candour League of Rhodesia. In his report the Chairman said that the first Candour League Bulletin had been brought out in June and that it was hoped that regular issues would serve as a means of keeping upcountry members in touch with League activities. In 1964 the League called on the public through the press for a boycott of Scandinavian goods on sale in South Africa following an attempted boycott of South African products by Scandinavian countries. Mr. Gray said that he had heard on good authority that this had caused consternation in some commercial circles in Norway.

The following telegram was sent to the Private Secretary to the State President of the Republic: "Would you kindly convey to the State President the respectful and loyal greetings of both Afrikaans and English-speaking members of the Candour League of South Africa who, at their Annual General Meeting, reaffirmed their determination to continue to do all they can to uphold the cause of White civilisation through White leadership and racial integrity in South Africa." The following reply was received by the Chairman from the Secretary to the State President: "The State President has directed me to request you kindly to convey to the members of your League his sincere thanks for the telegram of the 16th June, 1965, in which loyal greetings were transmitted. The State President much appreciates the sentiments expressed."

After the business of the meeting had been completed an excellent tape recording, "It Can't Happen Here" by the Rev. Millen, an American missionary, was played.

SUPPORT FOR RHODESIANS

ON the occasion of the opening of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference at Marlborough House, London, on June 17, Mr. A. K. Chesterton, Policy Director of the League of Empire Loyalists, sent the following telegram to the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson:

"League of Empire Loyalists vigorously protests against British Government's exclusion of Rhodesia from Commonwealth Conference. Rhodesians in both wars fought valiantly for Britain and remain attached to British Crown whereas you give full recognition to despotic, anti-British, pro-Communist and republican regimes which will remain in Commonwealth only as long as they get something out of it. Rhodesia's loyalty to Britain in Britain's hour of need deserves Britain's loyalty in Rhodesia's hour of need. Surely that is basic political morality."

The text of the telegram was cabled to Mr. Ian Smith, the Prime Minister of Rhodesia, who also received cables avowing Loyalist support for Rhodesians from Australia, Canada, New Zealand and all parts of the United Kingdom. These read:

"Australian Loyalists believe only no compromise can save Rhodesia—Boas, Sydney."

"Assuring you of support of Canadian Loyalists—McTavish, Ontario."

"New Zealand Loyalists support their Rhodesian kinsmen—Fendall."

"Empire Loyalists in Ulster support your fight—Carew."

"Empire Loyalists in Scotland assure you of their friendship—Leslie Greene."

"Empire Loyalists in Wales dissociate themselves from Wilson's offensiveness to you—Robinson, Aberystwyth."

"Tyneside Loyalists back civilised government Rhodesia—Wood, Newcastle."

"Northern England Loyalists urge you stand firm—Lockwood, Sheffield."

"Midlands Loyalists back you against barbarism—McCrone, Corby."

"London Loyalists deplore U.K. Government's treatment of Rhodesians—Austen Brooks."

"Empire Loyalists in Southern England reaffirm support for civilised Rhodesians—de Bounevialle, Liss."

"West Country Loyalists support your civilised government—Fraser Harris, Falmouth."

Three days earlier, on behalf of the League of Empire Loyalists, Mr. Chesterton sent a message of greeting to the Candour League of South Africa on the occasion of its A.G.M. The cable congratulated the Candour League on its excellent work in South Africa.

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